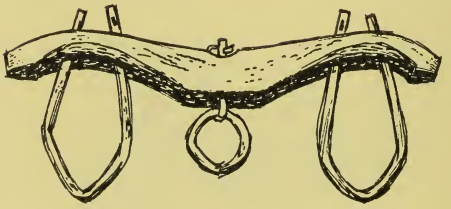
LINCOLN
AND ANN RUTLEDGE

WILLIAM H. HERNDON

LINCOLN ROOM



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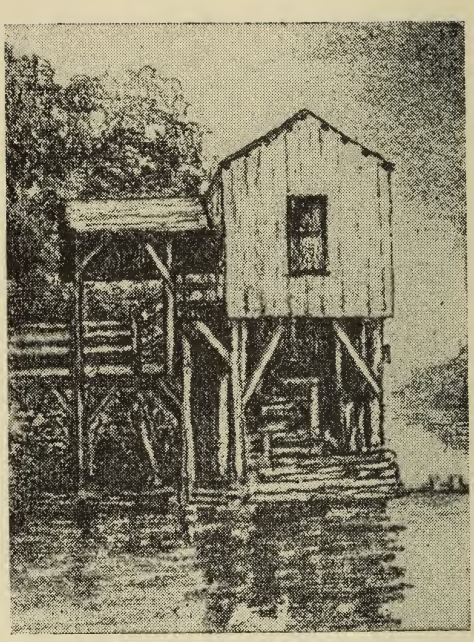
LINCOLN AND ANN RUTLEDGE



AT THIS MILL LINCOLN
FIRST SAW NEW SALEM

LINCOLN
AND ANN RUTLEDGE
And The Pioneers of New Salem

A Lecture by

William H. Herndon

Introduction by

Harry Rosecrans Burke

Trovillion Private Press
at the sign of the silver horse
Herrin, Illinois

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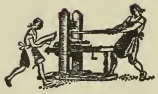

Illustrations: JESSE P. HENRY
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In Affectionate Remembrance of
JESSE POWELL HENRY, S. A. E.
Who as Artist, Collaborator, Friend and
Neighbor Contributed So Much to This
Volume by His Etchings of the
New Salem Scene

INTRODUCTION

William H. Herndon had curiously announced his lecture for the evening of November 16, 1866, as on *Abraham Lincoln, Miss Ann Rutledge, New Salem, Pioneering, and the Poem.* Yet that strange title attracted only a meagre group of people to the Court House in Springfield, Illinois, to hear him interpret their friend and his late law partner, the Martyred President. He had lectured on Lincoln thrice before, and it's likely that some who heard all four lectures asked themselves in wonder "what was Billy Herndon driving at?" Actually this was a trial flight for the biography he purposed. Certainly none had opportunity to know Abraham Lincoln better, and since that sorrowful day when the body of their neighbor had lain in state in the Illinois state house, Herndon had been visited by many an ambitious writer seeking to levy on his store of facts and memories. That had been a disillusioning experience. Already he could perceive the folk-spirit of a people busy making its hero into a demi-god. He could not recognize the Lincoln whom he knew in what resulted.

William Henry Herndon was not a debunker, but a pre-bunker. He sought to forestall the buncombe as appeals to popular fancy ran riot. He was not searching for an idol's feet of clay. But he believed that Opportunity had designated him to point out that Abraham Lincoln was made of the

common clay of which all men are made, although that clay had been uncommonly tempered by poignant human suffering. His Lincoln shared "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions" with every other man, like Shakespeare's Jew. In his own peculiar way Herndon offered a lawyer's argument to support his thesis, depicting the New Salem scene with which some of his hearers must have been familiar, describing personalities whom some of them must have known. Those fortunate ones who then heard that lecture were present at the very fountainhead of what the lettered world now calls Lincolniana.

What Herndon said had a special significance in that time when the forces of hate and prejudice were sowing to reap the whirlwind of Reconstruction. Time has transvalued his saying into a global significance for Herndon disclosed that the forces which moulded Abraham Lincoln's character, his philosophy and his destiny, may today affect our own. Those forces were described by a passionate moralist, who as boy and man enjoyed unique opportunities to know Lincoln intimately, and who had idolized him for more than thirty-three years; who for seventeen years had worked opposite his friend and mentor at a table three feet by ten in the law office which they shared until a national tragedy ended the mutually affectionate partnership to which the President had purposed to return.

Herndon considered this the very crux of his four lectures on Lincoln:—an undelivered fifth was also planned. Like the frescoes of Giotto at Assisi, it stresses the humanity of the man, rather than of-

ficial aspects of him upon whose shoulders was thrust the burden of a nation's destiny in the national crisis of the Civil War. Like them it has the charm of a curious innocency, almost comic from the incongruous aspects of realism in juxtaposition to its soaring spirit. But like them also, it has peculiar and intrinsic values as a study of the manner of life which shaped the destiny of one of the greatest hearts and greatest minds in the chronicle of the humankind. It sets forth in picturesque detail the culture of Neighborhood in the pioneer village of New Salem, Illinois. That culture, shaped by unique conditions of our frontier, is basic and and peculiar to our American way of life. In Herndon's view it shaped both Lincoln's fate and the destiny of this nation, by what his lecture conceives as the impact of "external influences—material and mental— on" Lincoln's mind. It shaped what we well may call Lincoln's Philosophy of Neighborhood. That culture would determine the character of the man, and would fix in the spirit of Neighborhood the principles which were to guide him as a politician—in the sense of one who seeks through politics to serve—as a stateman, and, in an aspect we are too prone to overlook in Lincoln, as a social philosopher.

Herndon purposed, as he confessed in a letter of Nov. 1, 1866, written as he prepared the lecture in the court room where it was to be delivered, to reveal facts "which for the first time in the world throw a footlight on Mr. Lincoln's sad life." That series of facts related to the wooing of Ann Rutledge, the tragedy of her death, its effect upon Lincoln's mind, and the melancholy with which

—in Herndon's view—it stamped his years thereafter. It was undertaken for a confessed purpose unbelievable in any other man; as a defense of Lincoln's proud, shrewish, irascible, and — in the word of her sister— "incorrigible" wife. Herndon was pleading Abraham Lincoln's love for Ann Rutledge as a justification for Mrs. Lincoln's emotional instability. Of the widow he said: "The world has no charity for her, yet justice must be done her, being careful not to *injure* her huband." He saw the tragedy of Ann Rutledge's death as "this purifying process, this fiery birth" which "made Mr. Lincoln humble, tender, forbearing, liberal, sympathetic to suffering, kind, sensitive, tolerent; broadening, deepening and widening his his whole nature; making him noble and lovely; the noblest and loveliest character since Christ."

What the lecture actually disclosed was that Lincoln had loved a girl of steadfast and beautiful character, and was scarcely bethrothed to her before she sickened and died. That he despaired, and in his melancholy neglected food and person until his reason tottered. That afterward "he *never* addressed another woman, in my opinion, 'yours affectionately'; and generally and characteristically abstained from the use of the word 'love'."

Herndon wrote his lecture while perfunctorily attending court. He set its scene with the care a good trial lawyer uses to establish a locale. Before that audience of Lincoln's neighbors, he was already qualified as expert witness by the enduring friendship to which themselves were witnesses; by his long familiarity with New Salem life and people as they knew. But he brought a lawyer's

mind to bear on even his own testimony, and differentiates his own "conclusion of the witness" from legal evidence as "my opinion." One cannot doubt his right to proffer expert judgment, but no matter. His lecture is in fact its own "best evidence" of his care to authenticate the fact and establish his authority. To confirm his version of the Ann Rutledge romance is the testimony of John McNamar, Mrs. Hardin Bale, A. Y. Ellis, William Greene, L. M. Greene, Isaac Cogdale, and others not always identified as it appears in the Herndon and Weik *Life of Lincoln*. Emanuel Hertz in his invaluable *The Hidden Lincoln* discloses other Herndon sources: the evidence of Ann's brother, R. B. Rutledge, of John Jones, and of John Hill. This testimony confirms in general—though varying in degree by the opportunity the witnesses had for knowing—every statement Herndon has made in his lecture save only that evidence which he alone could give as to his carefully discriminated "opinion" regarding Lincoln's use of the words "affectionately" and "love" in Herndon's presence. In that aspect it is simply overwhelming. Nothing is offered in contradiction but the long-range opinions of historians of the "documentation" school of criticism.

Their reason for doubt lies in the fact that Herndon was emotional and enthusiastic. Which was precisely why his way of thinking so admirably complemented the sure, deliberate Lincolnian logic in their partnership. Herndon's mind was alert, quick, intuitive; achieving conclusions by emotional percept rather than by intellectual concept as did the mind of the senior partner. It was

shrewdly aware of many things it could scarcely be said to have known. It was far in advance of its time. It was sometimes so far in advance of itself that it was not fully and intellectually aware of its own *apercus*. If this lecture is—as it unquestionably is—the source of our modern concept of Abraham Lincoln as an altogether human Man of Sorrows, it is not less the precursor of all that school of modern historical writing which has followed Frederick Jackson Turner to discover in pioneer life the roots of our national character. But Herndon goes deeper to present a collateral implication, a view of history which casually includes the theory of economic determination as rooted in physical aspects of nature which serve to determine the economics and social organization of a specific place in a given time. His Lincoln is the product, as he elsewhere says, of the limestone waters which build big-framed men, and of the melancholy shadows of those great forest trees which grow on limestone soils. In his lecture he sought to stress the "shadows" of that quasi-scientific conclusion by reading the poem *Mortality* which Lincoln seems to have picked up in some fugitive quotation from *Songs of Israel* by William Knox, a volume published in 1824, a year before the poet's death at the age of thirty-six. Those verses in their sombre view of life present the very quintessence of Romanticism. Yet the poem has survived the fad and fashion of that literary movement, to be remembered by its first line "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud" even when its title is forgotten. Remembered, because of the mingling of tragic sadness and profound humility in President Lincoln's character.

Herndon would probably have accounted for some of his conclusions by referring his questioner to Darwin, and to what he believed to be the determining force of Evolution as applied to the human species. Others, his critics have declared, were due to his study of the Trancendentalist thinkers with whom as an Abolitionist he kept up correspondence. The truer, simpler, origin—as I have elsewhere pointed out in studies made originally for this volume, but which like those I collated upon the Neighborhood Culture of New Salem have expanded beyond limits of an introduction—is that Herndon was a man of his time, and being of that Victorian time was incurably romantic. But there can be no doubt that he sought with Darwinian patience for the fact; or that from the basis of fact—as his patient research for an ultimate quarter of a century revealed it—he was determined to discover the Trancendental Reality of the very human Lincoln whom he idolized.

The crux of Herndon's offending against the Victorian criticism of his own time and against the later schools of "critical", "dispassionate", "realistic" and "scientific" historiography lies in his emphasis on Ann Rutledge and her tragic mark on Lincoln's life. The Victorians saw it somehow as an insidious attack on the holy estate of matrimony. The more "critical" standards of the moderns insist upon a documentation of every fact, an amusing irony since the documentation of any fact is precisely as fallible as is the individual who writes it down unless — infallibly — he agrees with you. There has never been a confutation—much less a refutation—of Herndon's evidence. It could only

be refuted by one who could not possibly have enjoyed Herndon's unique opportunity for knowing what Emmanuel Hertz so aptly called "The Hidden Lincoln", and to such an unsupported one, if ever found, the critical historians must accord an infallibility they deny to the amply corroborated evidence of "Billy" Herndon.

Horace White had known both Lincoln and Herndon well. A quarter of a century after Lincoln's death and shortly after Herndon's he wrote for the second edition of the Herndon and Weik *Life of Lincoln* a statement that: "What Mr. Lincoln was after he became president can best be understood by knowing what he was before. The world owes more to William H. Herndon for this particular knowledge than to all other persons taken together." In the intervening half a century there have been vast additions to Lincoln lore. Every lingering remembrance of the Martyred President has been gathered; hundreds of inconsequential details. Yet in this lecture may be discerned the quintessential of them all—how the neighborhood of New Salem moulded Lincoln's life and thought.

The obligation of even the more important biographers since Herndon's time to Herndon is obvious. William E. Barton wanted access to Herndon's material so badly that he begged for it in more than 100 letters, according to Hertz, who saw his correspondence in the Weik collection. Weik, who had already permitted Senator Beveridge to use those documents—Hertz has counted 752 references to Herndon material in the first of Beveridge's two-volume *Life*—finally referred the request to the Indiana senator who turned thumbs

down upon a possible rival. Barton, denied the use of Herndon's labor, visited New Salem for himself; and branded the story of Ann Rutledge as "a wicked stab into the broken heart" of Mary Todd Lincoln, deciding that the story of the romance was accredited "on the sole testimony of John McNamar," who at one time had evicted Ann Rutledge's mother for her failure to pay rent on a home he owned. McNamara and the love story, both, he considered "monstrous." Senator Beveridge, interested far more in Lincoln's politics than in his romance, summed up the story by pointing out that Herndon's specific inquiries postdated Lincoln's death, and was tolerantly willing to accept the testimony of those who supported the Herndon version as something like a senile desire of witnesses to do what would please him. Carl Sandburg, one believes, would be the very first to happily acknowledge his debt to Herndon.

Mr. Paul Angle, who is among the sceptics, avers that "Herndon's devotion to Lincoln was only surpassed by his passion for truth;" and while convinced that Herndon would never willingly distort a fact, he points out that "to a passion for truth must be joined a capacity to recognize it," which is axiomatic of latter-day as well as of earlier biographers. He believed the evidence Herndon gathered had been given by Rutledge kinfolk that the whole family might bask in the reflected glory of the Martyred President. Or was garnered from former New Salem residents romantically nostalgic and "interested in fastening all possible glamour on that forgotten village." Evidence of the effect of the death of his beloved on Lincoln, Mr. Angle believed

to rest upon the testimony of John McNamar and Isaac Cogdale. He dismissed the latter's story of discussing with Lincoln his love for Ann Rutledge at the time the President-elect was saying general farewells to his old Illinois neighbors, because Cogdale, a New Salem pioneer and long a Lincoln client, calls his old friend "Abe." Not even the freemasonry of the circuit-riding lawyers, Mr. Angle avers, was ever less formal than to call him "Lincoln."

Also, one Matthew Marsh, recently come to New Salem neighborhood, wrote relatives in New Hampshire shortly after the death of Ann Rutledge, saying that Lincoln was "a very clever fellow and a particular friend of mine," but failed to hint at a romance, a tragedy, or the reported mental shock; which Mr. Angle thinks "just about disposes of the 'disastrous effect' legend." The Yankee tells how he avoided paying the double postage due on a letter he had smuggled out of the postoffice in Lincoln's absence, for "the postmaster is very careless about leaving his office open and unlocked during the day." The thrifty young man from New Hampshire contrived to get Lincoln to "frank" the very letter which boasted of that petty theft from the mails, whereby Postmaster Lincoln violated the postal regulations and made himself liable to a $10 fine. It is far easier for me, at least, to believe he did so by some trick while Lincoln was distraught, than to presume that "Honest Abe" had entered a conspiracy and become accessory to such petty cheating. Certainly the story adds no conviction of the integrity of Mr. Angle's witness.

Herndon had devoted himself to uncovering the

Transcendental Reality of Lincoln. But the more critical modern biographers were soon to encounter a remarkable series of Transcending Facts. Mr. Angle's scepticism had been expressed in a note on *Lincoln's First Love* in the *Bulletin of the Lincoln Centennial Ascociation* of Dec. 1, 1927. In less than a year he was forced to add more light on Lincoln and Ann Rutledge in its *Bulletin* of Sept. 1, 1928.

For back in 1900 William L. Greene, a grandson of Lincoln's friend and benefactor, 'Squire Bowling Greene, had found on the site of New Salem a round flat stone, on which was carved the legend: "A. Lincoln and Ann Rutledge were bethrothed here July 4, 1834." Eventually it had reached the collection of Oliver H. Barrett in Chicago where there was also equally eloquent, if mute, testimony in an axe-handle found on the site of the Lincoln and Berry store by James McNeal in 1878. On one side was carved "A. Lincoln", and on the other "New Salem, 1834." Wood around the lettering was rotted, apparently by exposure for many years. "It is almost certain, too," wrote Mr. Angle, that axe-handle and wood "were carved by the same person." He had the consolation of finding in the Barrett collection the record of a timber survey made by Lincoln as of Sept. 24, 1835—two days after he had franked the Marsh letter, and less just one day than a month from the death of the lovely Ann. Lincoln's firm writing, Mr. Angle believed, indicated that "no matter what the effect of Ann Rutledge's death may have had on Lincoln's emotions, his physical and mental qualities were unimpaired." Destiny may wait around the

corner with an axe-handle and a historian still escape unscathed.

The final rout of the gadflies of historical criticism is achieved by the swat of a newspaper. Herndon rehabilitates Herndon.

The paper is the *Menard Axis,* published at Petersburg, Illinois, on Saturday, February 16, 1862, three years before the assassination of President Lincoln. It was edited by John Hill, of whom Herndon, in June 1866, sought more information as he was preparing this lecture. Hill was the son of Samuel Hill whose success as a merchant Lincoln had sought to rival; who had been Lincoln's predecessor as postmaster, and in whose store Lincoln kept the postoffice, keeping also Sam Hill's books. It was the elder Hill who had seized and burned the "Infidel Book" which Lincoln wrote after the death of Ann Rutledge, and who, himself, had earlier wooed Ann. He had been a partner, too, of McNamar, and was one of the very last settlers to leave New Salem when the Legislature in 1839 set off a part of Sangamon as Menard county and made Petersburg its county town.

Emmanuel Hertz in *The Hidden Lincoln* included two of John Hill's letters to Herndon. One enclosed "a printed slip" from the February 16 issue of the *Axis* in 1862, an article which the editor entitled *A Romance of Reality.* He had written in the best McGuffey fashion of the day a story with a pointed moral. Perhaps the critical school of historians might justly call it "a fabulous romance," for not until it draws its moral at the end does the story disclose that its hero is Abraham Lincoln.

It recalled—while Lincoln was still alive and in

the White House—the death of Ann Rutledge. Lincoln "saw her to her grave," it continued, "and as the cold clods fell upon the coffin, he sincerely wished that he, too, had been enclosed within it. Melancholy came upon him; he was changed and sad. His friends detected strange conduct and a flighty imagination. They placed him under guard for fear of his committing suicide. New circumstances changed his thoughts, and at length he partially forgot that which for a time consumed his mind."

Mr. Jay Monaghan, who has unearthed the clipping, has admirably presented John Hill's background as a bitterly anti-Lincoln man in 1860, when the Petersburg editor was pamphleteering in justification of Secession and attacked Lincoln as one who believed in equal rights for Whites and Negroes and would even be willing that Negroes vote. As this was written in advance of the publication of his essay in *The Abraham Lincoln Quarterly* Mr. Monaghan generously provided the writer access to his proofs. The John Hill article, he believes, is " one source which might have altered" the final conclusions of the sceptics.

Regarding Lincoln, Hill had experienced a change of heart. He may have doubted the full measure of the President's capacity, for " a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house." But Hill saw President Lincoln in 1862 as the only hope for his country's future: "Engaged in the great work of preserving a distracted Union, the eyes of all mankind are now turned toward him — the most conspicious, and the man having the greatest responsibility

resting on him of any man now living in the world!" That is the basis of his McGuffey moral.

It is obvious Hill could have known of the Ann Rutledge romance only by hearsay. His parents had left New Salem within four years of their marriage. His letter to Herndon in discussing the "Book on Infidelity" shows his candor on the point: "I remember to have heard it alluded to hundreds of times by different old settlers . . . You know there are always some few things that strike into the mind of a child at early age which time will never eradicate." The sincerity of his effort to get at the exact truth, not only of this but of his every recollection in relation to Abraham Lincoln, is manifest, both in his answers to Herndon's questions and in other statements. "I will hunt up the books Lincoln kept for father, etc." he says.

Here is the acid test. Lincoln is alive, is President, when the story is published at Petersburg which is but two miles from New Salem's site. The town, founded by Peter Lukins and George Wharburton of New Salem, had been surveyed by Lincoln. Many New Salem pioneers moved there. Lincoln had visited it regularly as he rode the Eighth Judicial Circuit and as Benjamin P. Thomas says "a list of his clients there reads like a roster of old settlers." He calls the roll of ex-New Salemites: Reason Shipley, Jacob Bale, John Purkepile, James Meadows, Isaac Cogdale (whose testimony about Ann Rutledge we have noted), George Blane, Bluford Atterbury, William White, Jacob and Joshua Williams, John Taylor, John Tibbs, George Miller, and Elihu Bone. "David Rutledge, brother of Ann, and one of Petersburg's first

attorneys" he adds, was opposed to Lawyer Lincoln in several cases tried there.

Lincoln's ties to these old neighbors remained unbroken. His claims to their affectionate remembrance had been definitely reinforced by his emergence as the Unionist and Anti-Slavery leader in the years of his titanic struggle with Douglas. From the Springfield speech of October 4, 1854, on through the senatorial campaigns of 1854 and 1856 and through the presidential campaign of 1860, every Illinoisan was either for Abraham Lincoln or against him. And even those who differed in politics were humanly proud that they knew so great a man.

In that year of 1862 Lincoln's contemporaries were of a general age of fifty—his own years fifty-three—and were at maturity's peak in their mental powers. They had watched, for at least the last eight years, the astonishing career of the man they had known for thirty; had known from his humblest obscurity in the village of their cherished memories. To assert that men of fifty were incapable of knowing and remembering the facts is "moonshine" quite like that which Lincoln and the almanac obliterated when at Beardstown in 1856 he procured the acquital on a murder charge of the son of that Hannah Armstrong who had befriended him in New Salem.

Any experienced newspaperman, and especially any country editor, can tell you just what happened in Petersburg when John Hill printed that *Romance of Reality* about President Abraham Lincoln. For a local story, whether it is reporting a current affair or a fragment of remembered his-

tory, follows inevitably an identical pattern of reception. There are a few heart-warming approvals of the text as it reveals or reaffirms the facts. But complaints must follow "as the night the day" every divergence in recital from what other eyes have seen or other memories have cherished. And old memories reawakened were doubly cherished now because of Lincoln's fame.

Hill, on the sunny side of thirty when he wrote, since his parents were married in 1835, was from his very youth suspect by memories more mature. Consciously or unconsciously, his story inevitably and automatically was checked and double-checked by the older folk of Petersburg and the New Salem neighborhood. What he later wrote Herndon about the "Book on Infidelity" in likelihood was just as true of his version of the Ann Rutledge romance to which it was collateral: "Of late years I have heard less of it as these old men have many of them passed away."

He had been delayed, probably by checking and rechecking, for his letter of June 6 promises a "greater promptness" in the future to Herndon's evident query for certain detail. Of Ann Rutledge's death he writes: "Lincoln bore up under it very well until some days afterwards a rain fell, which unnerved him and—(the balance you know)." Again, with reference to his *Romance of Reality,* he writes: "Every item in it I believe to have been true except in relation to keeping a stallion. I made good inquiry before writing and I think I have arrived at the truth. The order of succession may not be technically true." He had pictured Lincoln as a grotesque village roustabout caring for a stallion

in a dramatic contrast to his tasks as President.

That letter, included by Mr. Hertz in his *The Hidden Lincoln,* is what a lawyer might call the best evidence of John Hill's effort to get at the fact. Nor could he, who must have left New Salem before he was four years old, be considered in Mr. Angle's phrase as "a one time resident of New Salem interested in fastening all possible glamour to that forgotten village," which he could scarcely have remembered.

With Mr. Monaghan's conclusion that Hill's earlier opposition to Lincoln was based upon a mentality "original, fluent, and superficial" one can politically agree; but not upon the final judgment that he was not "the kind of a man a careful historian would choose to verify a fact." Hill's own letters disclose how careful and precise was his discrimination between what he knew of fact and of hearsay; of whether included statements were "verbatim" or "substantially correct;" of the actual source of the stallion story and how it grew into folk lore; of further purposed interviews to check his memory, or remembered report, of Lincoln's words, against the memory of others; of proposed new research among his father's books and an "etc" which in likelihood meant other papers; and finally of his care to establish precisely the psychological condition of his childhood's emotional reaction to the story of the "Infidel Book." If scrupulous sincerity and conscientious care rather than a casual academic degree can qualify an individual to give the testimony "a careful historian would choose to verify a fact," then John Hill is the sort of witness who, like "Billy" Herndon, will

rank high in the court of time.

Herndon in this lecture was enabled to provide a portrait of Lincoln inevitably basic to those biographies which succeeded it, because he had known for a third of a century what neighbors and the Spirit of Neighborhood had meant to Lincoln, and because through his unceasing search for fact he was enabled to reconstruct the Neighborhood Culture of New Salem. He had been on its fringes, so to speak, a boy; had seen its survivals, and through many individuals he knew its effects. He and his time — roughly speaking — had moved out of that culture which he calls the third of his "Classes of Men" by the time Lincoln had removed to Springfield. They had entered into the beginnings of that "Success Culture" which from Lincoln's death until now has shaped our national experience. The junior partner rebelled against this bitterly. He believed that national life, as well as personal credit, in essential, were based upon character. The earlier Neighborhood Culture of the pioneers, had shaped and nurtured, as he was well aware, the character of Lincoln. He can, he does, grow dithyrambic in its praise; yet whether he ever intellectually recognized the importance of that culture to our future, as well as to our past, may be sincerely doubted. He certainly could not foresee its role in the dual Armageddons of two World Wars. Nor did he ever recognize, apparently, what Lincoln saw in 1838 and pointed out in his Lyceum Address at Springfield shortly after he had made his home there: that our only safeguard against a Dictatorship was in the unifying democracy of the Neighborhood Spirit, helpful, in-

clusive, and seeking to achieve a common ground of understanding in social and community *mores*. No more than he could have understood what Lincoln's Philosophy of Neighborhood had understood within a decade after his arrival in Springfield: that the same American culture of Neighborhood was the one sound basis for justice and peace in our international relations. But these things I have discussed more fully elsewhere. Nor did Herndon foresee what economics and communications have disclosed to so many of us today: that in the Philosophy of Neighborhood lies our one hope for the future of a decent world.

Herndon's conclusions about Lincoln are his; and his alone, though he generously set them down for all of us. He was not the seer that Lincoln was; though sometimes he is actually prophetic. In the days when President-elect Lincoln was preparing to leave his neighbors and his partnership in Springfield to assume the burden of a nation's strife, Herndon would write to Senator Henry Wilson: "I know Lincoln better than he knows himself . . . when in Justice, Right, Liberty, the Government, the Constitution and the Union, then you may all stand aside: he will rule then, and no man can move him—no set of men can do it. There is no failure here. This is Lincoln and you mark my prediction. *You and I must keep the people right; God will keep Lincoln right!*"

He knew the quality of Lincoln's philosophy, and prophesied thus its guidance to him in the Presidency as it had guided his sombre maturity in the neighborly relations which were Lincoln's way of life. And after the assassination Herndon still

could see the source of all that Lincoln had been and all that Lincoln could be to America in the Neighborhood Culture of New Salem which had shaped that high philosophy.

The first printing of this lecture was a broadside, which Herndon published in part for sale at Springfield newsstands, probably in an effort to absorb some of the cost of sending out the rest in answer to requests that poured in on him for his own ideas of Lincoln and for his recollections. The rare surviving copies are, of course, most treasured items in the great Lincoln collections of which they form a part. It is from that version this edition is reprinted, after careful comparison and authentication. Later the lecture was reprinted in book form for the Springfield bookseller Harry Ellsworth Barker, in a limited edition of 150 numbered and signed copies. That, even though its text is sometimes doubtful, is now out of print and a rarity.

The work on this present edition was tragically interrupted by the death of one of the collaborators, the late Jesse Powell Henry, S. A. E., whose etchings have so sensitively evoked the little settlement of New Salem from the reconstruction by the state of Illinois on its site. Frankly they do not represent as a photograph represents. They present rather. They penetrate time and space and material fact with an unusual and masterly miniature technique, as one might say in a fourth-dimensional manner. That is, imagination through alert emotional perceptions presents the idyllic invitation which Rutledge's Mill extended to the drifting wayfarer when Lincoln first saw New Salem; implies in material the substantiality of the Tavern's

Dining-and Living-Room; and in the glimpse of the Lincoln & Berry Store and the Tavern's exterior, postulates that movement of sunlit shadow which presents the actuality in the life of Lincoln among his neighbors there.

The logs of fact in this essay have been hewn by others. I have merely "snaked them out," to build, if you please, by relating to our own time the New Salem which Herndon conceived as the matrix of Lincoln's character. As politician, as statesman, as philosopher, the young "Rail Splitter" grew there from a drifting, grotesque village roustabout into an immortal thinker. If the epithet grotesque seems harsh as applied to the lanky youth who had chanced to lodge in an eddy of the current along the Sangamon, one has only to remember a certain grotesque idler of Athens—one Socrates by name.

One thing these studies have demonstrated: that the spirit of Neighborhood lives in American scholarship. Mere mention of a purpose was the password which procured the aid of Mr. Paul Angle, State Historian of Illinois and secretary of the Illinois State Historical Society, who generously gave guidance in reading and correcting this paper as to fact, as through the generosity of the Society's assistant secretary, Mr. Jay Monaghan, it made available to the writer proofsheets of his study of John Hill's *Romance of Reality* even before its publication in the *Abraham Lincoln Society Quarterly*.

Other debts one hastens to acknowledge with sincere gratitude are to Emanuel Hertz's oft-cited *The Hidden Lincoln* and its publishers, the Vik-

ing Press, New York, by whose permission quotations have been made;

To Benjamin P. Thomas' *New Salem Community* and its publishers the Abraham Lincoln Society, Springfield, Ill., which has generously permitted quotation;

And to Joseph Fort Newton's *Lincoln and Herndon,* published by the Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, which provided the inspiration for this volume.

There are other intangible debts. We can no more evade our obligation to those before us for the facts they have recorded and the thoughts which they have left than we can escape responsibility to the ideals they have thus created to be our heritage.

Harry Rosecrans Burke.

Bittersweet House
St. Louis, Mo.
January 1, 1945.

LINCOLN AND ANN RUTLEDGE

LINCOLN AND ANN RUTLEDGE

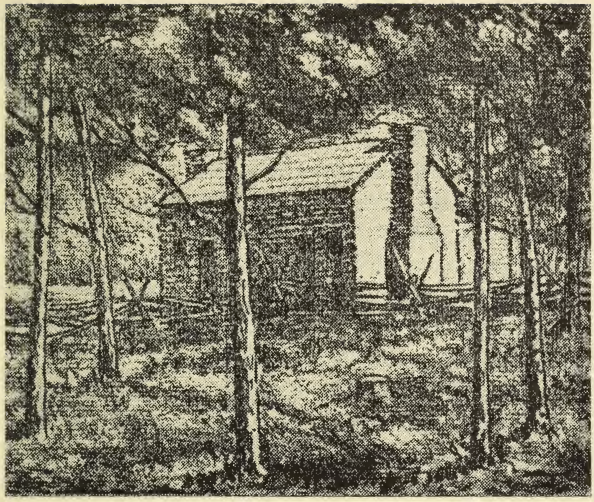
Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am about to deliver a Lecture to-night on ABRAHAM LINCOLN, MISS ANN RUTLEDGE, NEW SALEM, PIONEERING, and the Poem commonly called "Immortality," or "Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Lincoln loved Anna Rutledge better than his own life; and I shall give the history of the poem so far as to connect it with the two in its own proper place and time. The facts in relation to Abraham, Ann and the poem, making a complete history, lie in fragments in the desk at my office, in the bureau drawers at my home, and in my memory—in the memories of men, women and children all over this broad land, and especially in the counties of Menard and Sangamon, covering an area of sixty miles square. The facts, I say, are fragmentary. They lie floating on the memories of men, women and children in and about New Salem, and in and about this city. This lecture is but a part—a *small* part—of a long, thrilling and eloquent story. I have not here told the whole story; nay, not the half of it; nor can I do so here understandingly, for the want of time. I am forced to keep something back from necessity, which shall,

in due time, assume a more permanent form. That which is withheld is just as interesting, and more lovely, than I here can tell or relate. Some one has said that "truth is stranger than fiction;" and as it is stranger, so it is sometimes more beautiful and more sad. We see the truth; we feel it; it is present, and we deeply sympathise with it.

All human life is most uncertain, and it may reasonably be thought that the invisible and intangible threads that enwrap and tie up life, may be suddenly snapped, and historic events of great interest and importance to mankind, lost forever. I do not *think*—wishing to arrogate nothing to myself—that any living man or woman so well understands, the many delicate wheels and hidden springs of the story of Lincoln, Miss Rutledge, the Poem, and its relation to the two, in time and place, as I do. My pecuniary condition will not let me rest. Duty to myself, my family, and my clients, holds me sternly to my profession. I cannot drop these duties, spurred on by necessity, as I am, to sit down and at once finish the long contemplated life of Mr. Lincoln. I am compelled to walk slowly, but what I shall lose in speed I shall gain in volume and certainty of record. To put these fragmentary facts and historic events therefore beyond danger, I consent to-night to speak, write and utter what I know. I have no right to retain facts and events, so important to a good understanding of Mr. Lincoln's life, in my own selfish bosom any longer. I rest under a sacred duty to mankind, to relate the facts and narrate the circumstances that lawfully and truthfully belong to the story. I owe to man the facts and the story which shall soon be-



RUTLEDGE'S TAVERN WAS
HOME OF LINCOLN'S LOVE

come, I believe, not through me, as to artistic beauty one of the world's most classic stories. You know my Religion, my Philosophy, namely: That the highest thoughts and acts of the human soul in its religious sphere, are to think, love, obey and worship God, by thinking freely, by loving, teaching, doing good to and elevating mankind. My first duty is to God, then to mankind, and then to the individual man or woman. I wish to perform my duty honestly and truthfully. I do not wish to awaken or injure the dead, nor to wound or injure the feelings of any living man or woman. I am glad—nay, happy—to be able to speak to my own fellow citizens of this city—neighbors, friends, and enemies too, to-night, so near the scene and facts that I am about to relate. Each one of you, every man, woman and child, has the same powers, the same means, opportunties and capacities I have, to hunt up, find and criticise the facts, know them and to verify them, each for himself. The truth of the story is open to all alike, rich and poor, energetic and lazy. If any man or woman, or child, after hearing this lecture, still doubts what is here told, let him or her come to my office and have all skepticism wiped out at once from his or her mind. There is no doubt about the story; there can be none. I want only truth, and I, in common with all mankind, for all time to come, am deeply interested to have the facts known exactly as they are, truthfully and substantially told.

If I am mistaken substantially in any particular, or in general, expose me by exposing the error. I am willing that my character among you may stand or fall by the substantial truthfulness of this

lecture, *in every particular.* I want no doubts to hang over the subject, nor shall they so hang if I can avoid it, between the honest gaze of mankind and their search for truth, blurring their mental vision. Truth in history is my sole and only motive for making this sad story now public for the first time. History is sacred, and should be so held eternally by all men. What would you give for a manly, honest, candid and noble biography of Washington? Let the universal regrets of mankind fix the price and stamp the value.

The facts which I shall relate, including the scenery of New Salem, shall, in my humble judgment, throw a strong foot-light on the path of Abraham Lincoln, from New Salem, through Springfield, to and through Washington, to the grave. They *to me,* throw their rays all over Mr. Lincoln's thoughts, acts, deeds, and life, privately, domestically, socially, religiously and otherwise. I hope they will *to you.* I dare not keep these facts longer. Men need to read history by a blazing light. This is my apology for the publication of these facts *now,* and I appeal to time for my defense. The world needs but one other set of facts to get the whole, almost the divine light, that illuminates Mr. Lincoln's pathway. The facts are a little older than he was—some a little younger. Will the world dare hear them and defend the man that tells them?

Ladies and gentlemen, friends, enemies too, give me the good, kind, sad and tender corner of your hearts tonight, not forgetting your heads. Ann Rutledge was a beautiful girl of New Salem *from* 1824 to 1836. She was born in Kentucky, January

7th, 1813. She was a grand-child of the liberty-loving, patriotic Rutledges of South Carolina. Her father was born in South Carolina amid the echoes of the cannon's revolutionary roar. Mr. Lincoln lived in New Salem from 1830 to 1837, and boarded for a while with Cameron, who was the partner of Mr. Rutledge. Mr. Lincoln soon changed his home. He went and boarded with Mr. James Rutledge about the years 1833 and 1834, and then and there first became well acquainted with Ann Rutledge. He may have known her well before this. I have no space here to give a description of this beautiful, amiable, and lovely girl of nineteen. She was gifted with a good mind.

Three good and influential men of the little village of New Salem, simultaneously fell in love with this girl—A. Lincoln, [Mr. John McNamar], and [Mr. Samuel Hill, New Salem storekeeper], The third man she quickly rejected. He was *a* gen-gentleman; so was Lincoln; so was [McNamar].

All these men were strong men, men of power, as time demonstrated. Circumstances, fate, Provi-

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NOTE—In the printed address, Herndon "blanked out" these names which are enclosed in brackets, probably to make himself safe from any libel suit. McNamar was an acquisitive young New Yorker, come west to make a fortune under the name of McNeil, which he assumed to keep his family from finding him until he did so. Under that name he was for a time partner in the Samuel Hill store, and became engaged to Ann Rutledge. Except for the explanatory names and phrases in brackets here replacing blanks, Herndon's original broadside text is followed letter for letter even though certain usages of his day in spelling proper names are frowned on by modern scholarship.

dence, the iron chain of sweeping events, so willed it that this young lady was engaged to Mr. Lincoln and [Mr. McNamar] at one and the same time. No earthly blame can be attached to the girl, and none to the men in their fidelity and honor to her. It all so happened, or was decided by fate. It shall, in truth, be explained hereafter to the satisfaction of all. It is a sad, thrilling story. The young girl saw her condition. Her word of promise was out to two men at the same time, both of whom she loved, dearly loved. The consciousness of this, and the conflict of duties, love's promises, and womanly engagements, made her think, grow sad, become restless and nervous. She suffered, pined, ate not and slept not. Time and struggle, as supposed and believed by many, caused her to have a raging fever, of which she died on the 25th day of August, A. D. 1835. She died on a farm seven miles north, bearing a little west of New Salem, and now lies buried in the Concord graveyard, six miles north, bearing a little west of New Salem, and four miles from Petersburg.

On Sunday, the 14th day of October, A. D. 1866, I went to the well cultivated and well stocked farm of [Mr. McNamar]. I went with book in hand, in search of *facts*. I have known the gentleman whom I visited for more than thirty years. He received and welcomed me into his house most cordially, and treated me most hospitably. He acted like a gentleman, and is one. He is the man who knows all the story so far as it relates to [Ann Rutledge]. He knows it and has [been part of it]. He owns the [farm] on which the young girl died; and if I could risk a rapid and random *opinion,* I should

say he purchased the [farm] in part, if not solely, because of the sad memories that cluster over and around it.

The visit and my task were truly delicate. Without holding you longer in uneasy and unnecessary suspense, from what took place then and there, permit me to say, that I asked the gentleman this question: "Did you know Miss Rutledge? If so, where did she die?" He sat by his open window, looking westerly, and pulling me closer to himself, looked through the window and said: "There, by that" —choking up with emotion, pointing his long forefinger, nervous and trembling, toward the spot— "there, by *that* currant bush, she died. The old house in which she and her father died is gone." I then, after some delay, asked the further question: "In what month and year did she die?" He replied, "In the month of August, 1835." After further conversation, leaving the sadness to momentarily pass away, I asked this additional question: "Where was she buried?" In reply to which he said, "In Concord burying ground, one mile southeast from this place." "Can you tell me exactly where she lies buried?" I remarked. He said, "No, I cannot. I left the country in 1832 or 1833. My mother soon after died, and she, too, was buried in the same little sacred graveyard, and when I returned here in 1835 I could find neither grave. The Berry's, however, may know Ann's."

To Berry's I speedily went, with my friend and guide, James Miles. The time was 11:20 A. M., Sunday, the 14th day of October, A. D. 1866. I found S. C. Berry at the Concord Church, a little, white, neat meeting house, that crowns the brow

of a small knoll overlooking Concord creek—Berry's creek, southward. S. G. Berry, James Short—the gentleman who purchased in Mr. Lincoln's compass and chain in 1834, under an execution against Lincoln or Lincoln & Berry, and gratuitously gave them back to Mr. Lincoln—James Miles and myself, were together. We all went into the meadow eastward of the church and sat down in the shade of a walnut tree. I asked Mr. Berry if he knew where Miss Rutledge was buried—the place and exact surroundings? He replied, "I do. The grave of Miss Rutledge lies just north of her brother's, David Rutledge, a young lawyer of great promise, who died in 1842, in his 27th year."

I went from the neat little church to the Concord burial ground, and soon found the grave of Miss Ann Rutledge. The cemetery contains about one acre of ground, and is laid out in a square. The dead lie in rows, not in squares, as is usual. The ground, the yard, is beautifully situated on a mound, and lies on the main road leading from Springfield, in Sangamon county, to Havana, in Mason county. It is situated—lies on Berry's creek, and on the left bank, or west side. The ground gradually slopes off east and west, north and south. A ribbon of small timber runs up the creek. It does not here break into groves. The creek runs northward—*i. e.*, its general course, and runs into what is called Blue Lake in the Sangamon Bottom, and thence running into the Sangamon river, some three miles distant from the burying ground. The grounds are otherwise beautifully situated. A thin skirt of timber lies on the east, commencing at the fence of the cemetery. The ribbon of timber, some

fifty yards wide, hides the sun's early rise. At 9 o'clock the sun pours all its rays into the cemetery. An extensive prairie lies west, the forest north, a field on the east, and timber and prairie lie on the south.

In this lovely ground lie the Berrys, the Rutledges, the Clarrys, the Armstrongs, and the Jones, old and respected citizens, pioneers of an early day. I write—rather did write, the original draft of this description in the immediate presence of the ashes of Miss Ann Rutledge, the beautiful and tender dead. "My heart lies buried here," said Lincoln to a friend. I wrote in the presence of the spirits of David and Ann Rutledge, remembering the good spirit of Abraham. I knew the young man as early as 1841, probably when he had first commenced his profession as lawyer. The village of the dead is a sad, solemn place, and when out in the country, especially so. Its very presence imposes truth on the mind of the living writer. Ann Rutledge lies buried north of her brother, and rests sweetly on his left arm, angels to guard her. The cemetery is fast filling with the hazel and the dead.

I shall now have to take you back with me some five years or more. After Mr. Lincoln returned from New Orleans, in 1831, and after a short visit to his father and mother in Coles county, in Illinois, who then lived on a farm eight miles south of Charleston, the county seat of Coles county, he returned to New Salem, twenty miles north-west of Springfield, now the capital, and the home of Lincoln in 1860. At that time New Salem and Spingfield were in one county, the county of San-

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gamon. Mr. Lincoln first saw New Salem hill on the 18th day of April, 1831, and he *must* have been struck with the beauty of the scene, if not with its grandeur and sublimity. Objects of beauty, objects of grandeur, objects of sublimity, have a supreme power over the mind, elevating and expanding it, humanizing and educating it. These educate us, and give us an expanded, ever-widening view of nature and of God. It is said that the Alpine heights, with their majestic sceneries, make the Swiss a patriotic, liberty-loving people, who have defied Austrian bayonets for ages. It is said that the sacred hills and mountains around Athens, and the great deep blue sea that sweeps around her feet—that's to say, the peniusula's feet—made and fashioned her poets, statesmen and orators.

New Salem had and has some power in this way, and did have on Mr. Lincoln's mind. I am now necessitated—that *you* may understand much that goes before and comes after—to describe New Salem and her surroundings. I do this for various reasons in addition to what I specially name, in order to give you a running picture of New Salem —her rivers, peaks, bluffs, and other views. I first knew this hill or bluff as early as 1829. I have seen it in spring-time and winter, in summer-time and fall. I have seen it in daylight and night-time; have seen it when the sward was green, living and vital, and I have seen it wrapt in snow, frost and sleet. I have closely studied it for more than five long years.

The town of New Salem lies on the west—the left—bank of the river Sangamon, and is situated on a bluff, which rises above low water mark in

the river about 100 feet. The town is on the road leading from Springfield to Havana—the former in Sangamon county and the latter in Mason county. New Salem hill was once covered with the wild forest-tree—not a very thick, heavy timber, rather barren, so called. The forest was cut off to make room for the village, which was laid out in 1828. It became a trading place at that time, and in 1836 contained a population of about 100 human souls, living in about 20 houses, some of which cost from $10 to $100—none exceeded the latter sum. The village had one regular, straight street, running east and west, the east end resting on the brow of the hill, overlooking the Sangamon, and the west end abutting against the forest. The village runs along on what is called the backbone of the hill, it sloping on the north and south. The north branch rises in a meadow or field, about three-fourths of a mile west of New Salem, and sweeps east, cutting a deep channel as it rushes and runs. The branch pours its waters in the Sangamon river about three hundred yards below and north of the village. The creek on the south—a larger and a longer one than the north branch—by its cuts and deep channels, 80 or 100 feet deep, leaves New Salem on the back of the hill—the very backbone of the ridge. The only and main street was about 70 feet wide, and the backbone of the hill is about 250 feet across—sufficiently wide for a street, with lots 180 feet deep—till it runs back westerly for some distance, growing wider, to the then forest and now meadow or field. The hill on the east end of the street, where the river runs, and which the bluffs boldly overlook,

rises at some places almost to perpendicular heights. At other places it rises from an angle of 25 to 80 degrees.

There is an old mill at the foot of the bluff, on the Sangamon, driven by water-power. The river washes the base of the bluff for about 400 yards, the hill breaking off almost abruptly at the north. The river along this line runs about due north; it strikes the bluff coming around a sudden bend from the south-east, the river being checked and turned by the rocky hill. The milldam running across the Sangamon river just at the mill checks the rapidity of the water. It was here and on this dam that Mr. Lincoln's flatboat "stuck on the 19th of April, 1831." The dam is about eight feet high, and 220 feet long, and as the old Sangamon rolls her turbid waters over the dam, plunging them into the whirl and eddy beneath, the roar and hiss of waters, like the low, continuous, distant thunder, can be distinctly heard through the whole village, day and night, week day and Sunday, spring and fall, or other high water time. The river, at the base of the bluff, is about 250 feet wide, the mill using up 30 feet, leaving the dam only about 220 feet long.

Green's rocky branch, so called, which rises west by a little south of New Salem, sweeps eastwardly and washes the southern line of the base of the hill; it is a narrow, winding stream, whose bottom is covered with pretty little pebbles of all shapes, colors and sizes. Standing on New Salem hill and looking southward some 800 yards across a valley, rises the opposite bank or bluff of the hill, made by the branch or the double force of branch and

river. The bluff rises to an equal elevation with the Salem hill, if not a little higher. The hills or bluffs are covered with a heavy timber. The creek leaps and pours her waters into the Sangamon just above the milldam, sometimes adding its rapid and clear and clean volume to the pond. On the eastern side of the river, on the right bank of the river, looking east down the village street, running east and west, the range of bluffs rises generally to the level of the surrounding hills. The distance from bluff to bluff, across the river, is about 1000 yards, possibly 1500 yards. The general range of the hills on the eastern side of the river is likewise bearded with timber—the wild forest trees—mostly oak, hickory, walnut, ash and elm. The bottom, the rich low lands that lie between hill and hill, are about 800 yards wide, possibly more, and between peak and peak, hill and hill, through this rich and deep alluvial soil, flint and limestone, chalk and sand, clay and lime, slate and soap-stone, animal and vegetable remains, rolls, washes and plays from east to west, from peak to peak, through the ages, the eternal Sangamon, casting and rolling sand and clay, flint and lime-stone, animal and vegetable *debris,* on either shore as it half omnipotently wills, sometimes kissing the feet of one bluff and then washing the other.

At other times—in springtime or other high water season—the river at other places is more than a mile wide, varying from its head to its mouth. As we look up the river south-east, and follow with our eyes its winding course, beyond bluff rises bluff on bluff, and forest on forest, the first tier of timber giving and presenting to the eye, in the

month of October—the time of writing this—a mellow green orange color of various shades, according to distance and the angle of view. The second ribbon of timber, rising over the first and beyond, gives and presents to the eye a more distinct and darker green, tinted with blue — a more uniform color and not so abrupt in its dash, its risings and swells. The third belt of timber, still beyond, rising over the first and second timber, to the eye gives and presents a still deeper and more distinct blue, wrapt in mist generated in the distance, as it rises and recedes in the infinite east, leaving a clear, sharp outline, less abrupt and more uniform than either of the closer ones, slightly undulatory, out against the clear clean blue eastern sky, measuring and fixing beyond doubt the earth's general level and its rotundity here. Down the river northward, a little east, is the same general view, though not so beautiful, not so grand, because less distinct and prominent to the eye. About two miles north, in a beautiful valley, nestles snugly the handsome town of Petersburg, which Lincoln surveyed and laid out in 1836, and which is now the county-seat of Menard county, with a population of about 1500 souls. About three-fourths of a mile below New Salem, at the foot of the main bluff, and in a hollow between two lateral bluffs, stands the house of Bolin Green, now uninhabited. It is a log house weather-boarded; and about the same distance north from Bolin Green's house, *now* at the foot of the bluff, stands the building the house and home once of Bennett Able. When the proper time comes I shall have to tell of another quite romantic love story that hap-

pened at this house. These descriptions mean something, and in our historic evolution you will perceive the absolute necessity of them; then you will thank me, not before possibly.

New Salem, Petersburg, Green's and Able's houses, all lie on the western bank of the river, namely on the left-hand shore. These bluffs, houses, and general scenery give a beautiful appearance to the eye. I cannot truthfully say they rise to the grand, yet they are most beautiful indeed. When I wrote the original of this on my knee I was on the hill and bluff, the sun was just climbing upward out of the forest in the east, hanging over the timber like a fire-wheel, climbing and rolling up the deep unmeasured immensities above me.

The morning—the 15th day of October, 1866—was misty, cloudy, foggy and cold. The orb of day soon dissipated and scattered mist and fog, cloud and cold. The Circuit Court of Menard county had adjourned and my business was finished, and I was free, at least for *one* day. I sat down to write amid the ruins of New Salem. Only one lone and solitary log hut was in view—all that remains of New Salem; it is one story high, has two doors, two chimneys, two rooms, fronts north, and is a log house, weather-boarded now with plank. Abraham has been in it possibly a hundred times. The logs are hewed a little, simply faced. The chimneys are one at the east end and the other at the west end of the house. On the south of the house stands now a smoke house of plank, a seemingly newer erection. My guide, a new man, sat at my right hand, my feet in the ruins of the town, and close to me, and a little south-west, rang and

rolled out and tinkled the ring of a lone cow-bell, rattling, tapping and sounding here and there, as the cow browsed along the hills. The roll and roar of the Sangamon is distinctly heard eastward, as the waters curl and leap over the dam and plunge into the stream beneath. Lincoln has heard it often, and though he is gone, it rolls and roars on, and will for ages yet to come. All human life is transsient, Nature permanent. Life is but for an instant, Nature is eternal. Why burn the short span of our human life by undue use and haste.

As I sat on the verge of the town, in the presence of its ruins, I called to mind the street running east and west through the village, the river eastward, Green's rocky branch, with its hills, southward; Clarry's Grove westerly about three miles; Petersburg northward, and Springfield southeast, and now I cannot exclude from my memory or imagination, the forms, faces, voices, and features of those I once knew so well. In my imagination, the little village perched on the hill is astir with the hum of busy men, and the sharp, quick buzz of women; and from the country come men and women afoot or on horseback, to see and to be seen; to hear and to be heard; to barter and exchange what they have with the merchant and laborer. There are Jack Armstrong, and Wm. Green, Kelso and *Jason Duncan,* Alley & Carmon, Hill & McNamara, Herndon's & Rutledge's, Warburton & Sincho, Bale & Ellis, Abraham & Ann.

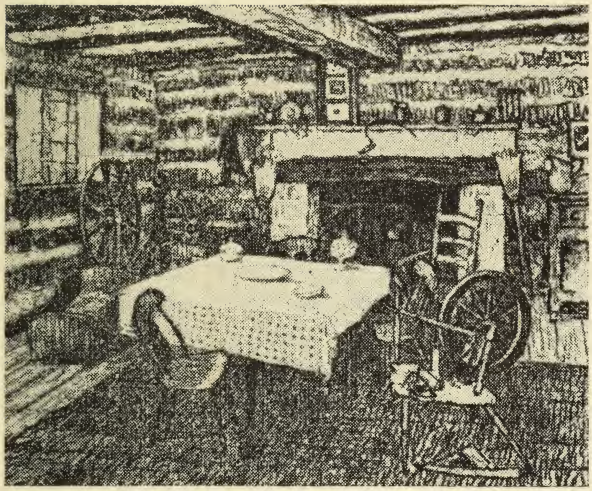
Oh! what a history. Here it was that the bold, rattling and brave roysterer met and greeted roysterer; bumper rang to bumper, and strong friend met friend and fought friend, for friendship's sake.

Here it was that all strangers, every new comer, was initiated quickly, sharply and rudely, into the lights and mysteries of western civilization. The stranger was compelled, if he assumed the appearance of a man, to walk through the strength and courage of naturally great men. They were men of no college culture, but they had their many and broad, well tested experiences, good sense and sound judgment, and if the stranger bore well his part, acted well, he at once became, thenceforward, a brother of the clan forever. But if—but if he failed, he quickly, amid their mocking jeers, sank out of sight to rise no more; or existed as an enemy stranger, to be killed anywhere at first sight by any of the clan, and to be forever damned to the eternity of their unending scorn, or scorched in the social hell forevermore. This is no fancy picture. It existed as I have told it, and Lincoln had to pass it. He did it nobly and well, and thenceforward held unlimited sway over the clan. Lincoln did it by calm, cool courage and physical strength. He said to the clan one day—"If you want and *must* have a fight, *prepare.*" The word prepare, with the courage and body behind it, settled the affair. The clan had seen him, strapped, lift in a box in the old mill, a thousand pounds. They knew his courage well, and the word, *prepare,* settled all. Here it was that manly honesty with womanly tenderness, valor, strength, and great natural capacity, went hand in hand, however absurd it may appear to the world. I affirm the truth of this now and here. Such a people the world never sees but once, and such a people! I knew them all; have been with them all, and respect them all. A man of

vastly greater powers than I possess might well quail from the task of writing the history of the men and times of New Salem.

This is the ground on which Lincoln walked, and sported, joked and laughed, loved and despaired, read law, studied surveying and grammar, read for the first time Shakespeare and Burns, and here it was that his reason once bent to its burthens. And oh! how sad and solemn are New Salem's memories to me. The spirit of the place to me is lonely and yet sweet. It presides over the soul gently, tenderly, yet sadly. It does not frown. It does not crush. It entices and enwraps. May the spirits of the loved and loving dead here meet and embrace, as they were denied them on earth. A friend of mine, who knew Mr. Lincoln as well as I did, and whose judgment I always respect, profoundly so, said that if Abraham Lincoln had married Miss Ann Rutledge, the sweet, tender and loving girl, he would have gravitated insensibly into a purely domestic man; that locality, home, and domesticity, were the tendencies of Mr. Lincoln, that the love and death of the girl shattered Lincoln's purpose and tendencies; that he threw off this infinite grief and sorrow to the man, and leaped wildly into the political arena as a refuge from his despair. Another gentleman agrees with this, and affirms that Lincoln needed a whip and spur to rouse him to deeds of fame. I give no opinion now for want of space. The affirmation or denial needs argument to my mind.

As I clambered from bluff to bluff, crossing streams and hollows which run into the creek, flowing thence into the river, I tread on and pass the



THE NEIGHBORS MET AT
THE TAVERN'S TABLE

wild mistletoe, so called, green, living moss, clinging to rock and sandy, cold, shaded, damp clay. The ferns and low creeping vines cover the hill sides here. While I was taking the notes of this lecture on the spot, I sat in the infinite past ages, where they have written their origin, creation, their growth, their development, death and decay, on the coal and rock records of nature, that lay at my feet and rose over my head. The blue sky above me, however, refuses to vegetable and to man her clear, clean blue leaves, whereon to record their creation, growth, death and decay. One as he sits in the present, on the past, cannot avoid thinking and speculating on the immense, endless, boundless, infinite future, in *this* world and *that* to come.

The day on which I took my notes was the 15th day of October, A. D. 1866. The frost had scorched the leaves of the forest, and they hung dry, curled and quivering in the winds, as they sighed and moaned. Death rides everywhere, but life has begun every where before death comes. Death is a natural condition of life, and life a condition of death. Which is the normal one? Are death and life normal? As I wander up Green's rocky creek, say one mile from its mouth, I cross the stream and climb along the northern face of the hill, where the sun seldom, if ever, warms the sod. The rolling brook has, here and there, beds or groups of long, green, waving moss, that waves from bank to bank, not upward and downward from bottom to top. This moss, called here deer moss, is from three to six feet long, is vital, living, and a beautiful pale green. Lichen clings to the rocks, and the short green forest moss grows lux-

uriantly in places here; and as it seems to me ages on long ages ago, as the frozen waters swept and rushed southward from their icy homes on the Laurentian hills, with huge rocks, called boulders, in their frozen arms, they threw them at the northern face of the hill, and piled them at random here and there. These rocks rest or stand imbedded in the hill, south of New Salem, at every elevation on its sides, and in every angle of its face. One of these boulders seems as if it came from some fiery pool, and not from the northern pole. It has the look, and smell, and feel of fire on it. On the southern face of another hill, across the branch, not far from where I stood at the rock just described, I heard the rock quarrier's iron rod ring out steel-like, as it bit and bored its way through the thick limestone ledges, rock on rock, sounding through valley and over hill. Here are lime-burner's kilns and coal digger's shafts, horizontal, going under the hill or perpendicular, eighty feet or more, to reach the third great stratum of Illinois coal, deposited here millions of years now gone by.

I returned to New Salem hill again, and now, as I intently gaze over the whole field and scene, to my left, a little to the north east, lies beautifully what is called Baker's prairie, about one mile off, stretching out eastward two and one half miles long, by one and one quarter miles wide. The prairie on the east side of the river, and the bottom land on the west side of the river, seem to me to be halves of a common lake through which the Sangamon river originally cut and burst. The bottom on the west side of the river, just north of Salem, is three fourths of a mile wide, by one and a half mile

long. The prairie on the east side contains probably fifteen hundred acres of rich—the very richest alluvial soil, and the bottom on the west side contains about eight hundred acres of the same kind of sod and soil. The whole supposed lake, the eastern and the western side of the rolling river, is surrounded by hill and bluff, that rise to an equal elevation with the Salem hill. The Sangamon river runs into the lake at the south, and runs out at the north. These hills, bluffs, and peaks surrounded this lake before the great sea—long, long before the great sea of waters passed off southward, between Missouri and Kentucky, roaring into the great gulf below. These hills are bearded with heavy forest trees. Now, all over these hills and valleys are, here and there, neat little frame houses, and large, rich, and beautiful fields, clothed in green meadows and yellow, ripened corn. Barns, orchards and wheat stacks dot the plain, where once probably floated the shark or other monster of the deep, or browsed the mastodon and other beasts.

In the spring and summer all the lands are covered with rich meadows, wheat, oat and barley fields, over whose surface floats the clouds, chasing clouds, casting their shadows of various shapes and sizes on the ground, covered with grass and grain; and as the wings of the wind gently move over the plains and fields, varied shades and colors, deep green, pale green, ripening into straw salmon, dark straw and bright, in long, wide, wild waves, chase and follow each other as wave runs on and rolls after wave, in the ocean's sport and play. Do not forget, never forget, that Lincoln

gazed on these scenes, which aided to educate him. Never forget this for one moment. Did he love the beautiful and grand? If he did those faculties were developed here. Remember it was amid these scenes he loved and despaired, and—but I must pass on.

While on my winding way, at my right hand and on my left, in front of me and beneath my feet, I saw , was met and greeted by the wild aster —blue, purple and white—whose blossoms stand trembling on their wiry stem in the wind. The blue lobelia, the morning and evening primrose, the shrubby acacia, growing ten inches high, filled with yellow blooms, and the tall, huge mullen, whose single shaft runs up from three to six feet high, and whose broad, hairy, or velvety leaves lie broad and flat to the ground—the very emblem of desolation —were scattered here and there. Other flowers were here. In the early spring, in the first days of March, on the southern slope or face of the New Salem hill, comes first in the floral train, the blue and purple johnny, with which all western children, in their tender youth, fight rooster in the early spring. Soon follows the hardy, perennial mountain phlox, on the eastern side of the hill, where the sun first strikes it square in the face, an evergreen in winter, sending up in early spring, from a common crown, ten or twenty stalks with many flowers on their slender stems, and on whose heads come and go many peach-colored blossoms with five petals, blooming from March to May. These grow about six inches high. Then follows, on the southern slope of the hill, the purple phlox, called the wild sweet-william, growing about ten inches

high, and blooming from April to June. They too are hardy and perennial—they may almost be called perpetual bloomers, taking all localities and situations into account. At last, according to moisture, light and heat, they girdle the hill on three sides—south, east and north, and finally running back through the woods, to and through the prairie westerly. The blue-bell comes with its hundred tubular, purple flowers, flaring at the mouth, bending in beauty and humility to ground. The meadow lily is here, with its from two to four orange-colored flowers. The lady-slipper, called the whippoorwill shoe by some, and the asclepias, red and orange, are here. The Judas tree, called the red-bud, colors in spring the forest's view. The may-apple and the wild dielytra, the wild hyacinth, the wild pansy, and the butter-cup, among other fibrous, tuberous and bulbous rooted flowers, hardy and perennial, are likewise here, growing in patches or groups. The wild scarlet honey-suckle, and the sweet-scented clematis, throw their tendrils from limb to limb of hazel and haw, and climb up high towards the sun, adding their beauty to the scene. The bignonia climbs the elm of the valley, and the maple of the bottom; and in and during the year each of the flowers named here comes and blooms, seeds and dies, according to its floral season. The wild, fiery scarlet Indian pink is scattered broadcast over the hill, and we must not forget the haw, the crab apple and the plum, whose united fragrance of a dewy morning or evening, cannot be excelled in the floral world. The bushy dwarf and running wild rose squats or climbs all over and around the place. All, all

these flowers come, bloom, have their passions, form and bear their seeds, and perish; and yet come again, making the ages one grand floral procession; and yet, and *yet* how few, oh! how few men and women ever look upon and study these beauties of valley and hill.

The fruit of this and the neighboring hills, woods, valleys and forests, is the blackberry, the raspberry and the dewberry, the red and black haw, the crab apple, the plum, strawberry, the cherry, the hackberry and the pawpaw. Here are the walnut, the hickory nut—black and white, hard shell and soft shell—the acorn in variety, and the grape, summer and fall, small and fox, sweet and sour.

The birds that come, sing, mate, raise their young, and go or stay, are the eternal, universal and uneasy jay, the wood cock, the wood-pecker, the robin and the dove, the duck and wild pigeon, the quail and the wild goose, the prairie hen and turkey, the martin and bee bird, the raven and the crow, the owl and whippoorwill, birds of night, the wren and swallow, the cat-bird and thrush, the snow bird and snipe, the king fisher, the oriole, the humming bird, and above all and over all, floats high, the gray or bold bald eagle.

The timber and forest trees on the high and back grounds, are the oak in variety, the hickory in variety, sugar tree, walnut, ash, cherry and elm. The timber in the bottom is mostly elm, buckeye, sycamore, cottonwood, maple, and the huge oak. I do not name all the trees, only some of the leading ones. The river's edges are lined and frilled and fringed with the climbers, and the willows

that grow running and wild over its waters.

The river and creeks give abundance of fish, such as pike and cat, salmon and sucker, bass and buffalo, perch and red horse, gar and sturgeon. The forests are full of game, such as deer, turkey, squirrel, quail, coon and opossum, mink, muskrat and rabbit. Probably I had better say the forest *was* once full of game, and the river full of fish. The game and fish are fast going. Game once served for sport, fun, chase and food, for cheer and life; and if the western eye could see its game, and his fore-finger, educated to *the feel,* could but softly touch the well set hair trigger of his own long, close shooting and trusty gun, away goes as quick as lightning, the fast, hissing, leaden bullet, and down drops life, to be handed up to higher life in man and women. Such were our people, and here they lived, loved, bore and died.

On the opposite side of the river, eastward, across the river from New Salem, on the bluffs, mounds and peaks, may be found by thousands, the dead of the Silurian period of the world, millions of years gone by. We find the periwinkle, the bivalve, and other such shells in abundance, with other higher animal remains. The sand bars on the river's edge and in the river, present and give up to man the dead of all past time; and all around, all beneath, and above are life and death, and all is the past, the present, and the future, meeting, mingling, mixing and sinking into one— God, who is all.

There have been four distinct and separate waves — classes of men, who have followed each other on the soil we now daily tread. The first is

the Indian. The second is the bee and beaver hunter, the embodied spirit of western and southwestern pioneering; they roam with the first class, nomads, wandering Gipsies of the forests and the plains. The third class, with sub-classes and varieties, is composed of three distinct varieties of men, coming as a triple wave. The first is the religious man, the John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness; the second is the honest, hardy, thrifty, active and economical farmer, and the third class is composed of the wild, hardy, honest, genial and social man—a mixture of the gentleman, the rowdy and roysterer; they are a wild, rattling, brave, social and hospitable class of men; they have no economy, caring only for the hour, and yet thousands of them grow rich; they give tone and cast and character to the neighborhood in spite of all that can be said and done; they are strong, shrewd, clever fellows; it is impossible to hate them, and impossible to outwit or whip them. The fourth class, with sub-classes and varieties, have come among us seeking fortune, position, character, power, fame, having ideas, philosophy, gearing the forces of nature for human uses, wants and purposes. They come from the East, from the Middle States, from the South; they come from every quarter of the globe, full grown men. Here are the English and the German, the Scotch and the Irish, the French and the Scandinavian, the Italian, the Portuguese, the Spaniard, Jew and Gentile; and *here* and *there* and *everywhere* is the universal, the eternal, indomitable and inevitable "Yankee," victorious over all, and I as a "Sucker," say welcome all. All, all, however, have their di-

vine purposes in the high, deep, broad and wide extended, the sublime economy of God.

I am necessitated, as it were in self-defence, to speak some words of the second and the third class, with sub-classes and varieties. The fourth class needs none. The original western and south-western pioneer—the type of him is at times a somewhat open, candid, sincere, energetic, spontaneous, trusting, tolerant, brave and generous man. He is hospitable in his tent, thoroughly acquainted with the stars in the heavens, by which he travels, more or less; he is acquainted with all the dangers of his route—horse flesh and human flesh. He trusts to his own native sagacity—a keen shrewdness, and his physical power—his gun and dog alone.

This original man is a long, tall, lean, lank man; he is a cadaverous, sallow, sunburnt, shaggy-haired man; his face is very sharp and exceedlingly angular; his nose is long, pointed, and keen, Roman or Greek as it may be; his eyes are small, grey or black, and sunken, are keen, sharp and inquisitive, piercing, as if looking through the object seen, and to the very background of things; he is sinewy and tough, calm or uneasy, according to circumstances; he is all bone and sinew, scarcely any muscle; is wise and endless in his determinations—obstinate. He wears a short linsey-woolsy hunting-shirt, or one made of soft buck or doeskin, fringed with the same; it is buckled tightly about his body. His moccasins are made of the very best heavy buck. His trusty and true rifle is on his shoulder or stands by his side, his chin gracefully resting on his hand, which covers the muzzle of the gun. The

gaunt, strong, hungry cur, crossed with the bull dog, and his hound, lie crouched at his feet, their noses resting on and between their fore paws, thrown straight out in front, ready to bound, seize, master and defend. The lean, short, compact, tough and hardy, crop-eared, shaved-mane and bob-tailed pony browses around, living where the hare, the deer, mule or hardy mountain goat can live.

It makes no difference where night or storm overtakes him, his wife and children sleep well and sound, knowing that the husband, the father, protector and defender, is safe from all harm. He sleeps on his rifle for pillow, his right hand *awake* on the long, sharp, keen hunting knife in the girdle, carved over and over with game and deer. The will in the hand is *awake*. Such is the conscious will on the nerve and muscle of the hand, amid danger of a night, placed there to keep watch and ward while the general soul is asleep, that it springs to defence long before the mind is fully conscious of the facts. How grand and mysterious is mind! The family makes no wild outcry—"He's shot or lost!" This man, his trusty long rifle, his two dogs —one to fight and one to scent and trail—the long, sharp and keen butcher knife, that never holds fire or flashes in the pan, are equal to all emergencies. As for himself, his snores on the grass, or brush-pile, cut to make his bed, testify to the soul's conscious security. Whether in a hollow tree or log, or under and beneath the river's bank for shelter —screen or fort—in night or daytime, his heart beats calm; he is a fatalist, and says "what is to be will be." He never tires, is quick and shrewd,

is physically powerful, is cunning, suspicious, brave and cautious alternately or all combined, according to necessity. He is swifter than the Indian, is stronger, is as long-winded, and has more brains —much more brains. This man is bee-hunter, or trapper, or Indian fighter. He is shy, nervous, uneasy, and quite fidgety in the villages where he goes twice a year to exchange his furs for whiskey, tobacco, powder, flints and lead. He dreads, does not scorn, our civilization. Overtake the man, catch him, and try to hold a conversation with him, if you can. His eye and imagination are on the chase in the forest when you think you are attracting his simple mind. He is restless in eye and motion about towns and villages; his muscles and nerves dance an uneasy, rapid, jerking dance when in presence of our civilization. He is suspicious here, and dangerous from his ignorance of the social world.

This man is a man of acts and deeds, not speech; he is at times stern, silent, secretive and somewhat uncommunicable. His words are words of one syllable, sharp nouns and active verbs, mostly. He scarcely ever uses adjectives, and always replies to questions asked him—"yes," "no," "I will," "I wont." Ask him where he is from, and his answer is — "Blue Ridge," "Cumberland," "Bear Creek." Ask him where he kills his game, or gets his furs, and his answer ever is—"Illinois," "Sangamon," "Salt Creek." Ask him where he is going—"Plains," "Forests," "Home," is his unvarying answer. See him in the wilds, as I have seen him, strike up with his left hand's forefinger the loose rim of his old home-made wool or other hat, that hangs like a rag over his eyes, impeding

his sight and perfect vision, peering keenly into the distance for fur or game, Indian or deer. See him look and gaze and determine what the thing seen is—see him at that instant stop and crouch and crawl toward the object like a wild hungry tiger, measuring the distances between twig and weed with his beard, so as to throw no shadow of sensation on the distant eye of foe or game—the thing to be crept on and inevitably killed. See him watch even the grass and brush beneath his feet, as he moves and treads, that no rustle, or crack or snap, shall be made by which the ear of foe or game shall be made aware of his danger. See him carefully wipe off and raise his long and trusty gun to shoulder and to check—see him throw his eye lockward and along the barrel—watch him, see the first upcoil of smoke, before the crack and ring and roll and roar come. The bullet has already quickly done its work of death. Caution makes this man stand still and reload before moving a foot. Then he eyes the dead keenly. "There's danger in apparent dead," he whispers to himself, cocks his gun and walks, keeping his finger on the trigger.

The third class which I am about to describe—the brave, rollicking roysterer—is still among us, though tamed by age into a moral man. He is large, bony, muscular, strong almost as an ox. He is strongly physically developed. He is naturally strong-minded, naturally gifted, brave, daring to a fault. He is a hardy, rough and tumble man. He has a strong quick sagacity, fine intuitions, with great good common sense. He is hard to cheat, hard to whip, and still harder to fool. These people are extremely sociable and good-natured—too

much so for their own good, as a general rule. They are efficient, ready, practical men, and are always ready for any revolution. I wish, I am anxious, to defend these men, as well as the God-given spirit of pioneering.

One of the writers on Mr. Lincoln's life says, in speaking of Thomas Lincoln, "When inefficient men become very uncomfortable they are quite likely to try emigration as a remedy. A good deal of what is called the pioneer spirit *is simply the spirit of shiftless discontent.*" But more of this hereafter, not now and just here. These men, especially about New Salem, could shave a horse's main and tail, paint, disfigure and offer him for sale to the owner in the very act of inquiring for his own horse, that knew his master, but his master recognizing him not. They could hoop up in a hogshead a drunken man, they being themselves drunk, put in and nail down the head, and roll the man down New Salem hill a hundred feet or more. They could run down a lean, hungry wild pig, catch it, heat a ten-plate stove furnace hot, and putting in the pig, could cook it, they dancing the while a merry jig. They could, they did, these very things occasionally, yet they could clear and clean a forest of Indians and wolves in a short time; they could shave off a forest as clean and clear as a man's beard close cut to his face; they could trench a pond, ditch a bog or lake, erect a log house, pray and fight, make a village or create a state. They would do all for sport or fun, or from necessity—do it for a neighbor—and they could do the reverse of all this for pure and perfectly unalloyed deviltry's sake. They attended church,

heard the sermon, wept and prayed, shouted, got up and fought an hour, and then went back to prayer, just as the spirit moved them.

These men—I am speaking generally—were always true to women—their fast and tried friends, protectors and defenders. There are scarcely any such on the globe for this virtue. They were one thing or the other—praying or fighting, creating or destroying, shooting Indians or getting shot by whiskey, just as they willed. Though these men were rude and rough, though life's forces ran over the edge of its bowl, foaming and sparkling in pure and perfect deviltry for deviltry's sake, yet place before them a poor weak man, who needed their aid, a sick man, a man of misfortune, a lame man, a woman, a widow, a child, an orphaned little one, then these men melted up into sympathy and charity at once, quick as a flash, and gave all they had, and willingly and honestly toiled or played cards for more. If a minister of religion preached the devil and his fire, they would cry out "to your rifles, oh boys, and let's clean out the Devil, with his fire and all, they are enemies to mankind." If the good minister preached Jesus and him crucified, with his precious blood trickling down the spear and cross, they would melt into honest prayer, praying honestly, and with deep, deep *feeling* and humility, saying aloud, "would to God we had been there with our good trusty rifles amid those murderous Jews."

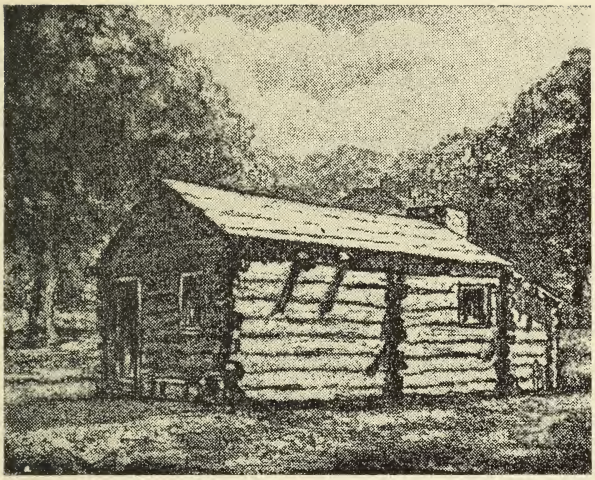
I wish to quote the author's sentence again, it reads—"When *inefficient* men become very uncomfortable, they are quite likely to try emigration as a remedy. A good deal of what is called

'the pioneer spirit,' is *simply the spirit of shiftless discontent.*" Here are two distinct allegations or assertion, rather charges: 1st, that *inefficient* men, through the spirit of discontent at home, emigrate as a remedy for that uncomfortableness; and 2d, that a good deal of the spirit of pioneering *comes from the spirit of shiftless discontent.*

I wish to say a few words on this sentence, and first as to fact, and secondly as to principle. It is not, I hope, necessary for me to defend the particular man spoken of — Thomas Lincoln — the father of President Lincoln. It is not necessary that I should flatter the pioneer to defend him, yet I feel that other men and women in New England, possibly in Europe, may be grossly misled by such an assertion, such an idea, as is contained in this sentence. It is admitted by me that man's condition at home sometimes is exceedingly uncomfortable. To throw off that condition of uncomfortableness is the sole, only and eternal motive that prompts and drives men and women to pioneering. Men of capacity, integrity and energy —for such are the generality of pioneers in the west—emigrate to this new land from their own homes, not because they are inefficient men, men unable to grapple with the home condition, but rather *because they refuse to submit to the bad conditions at home.* Their manly souls and indomitable spirits rise up against the cold, frigid, despotic caste crystalizations at home—a glorious rebellion for the freedom of man. All men emigrate from their homes to new lands in hope of bettering their human conditions, which at home are sometimes chafingly uncomfortable. The spirit

of pioneering is not a spirit of *shiftless discontent,* nor any part of it, but is the creating spirit, a grand desire, wish and will to rise up in the scale of being; it has moved mankind — each man and woman—since God created man and woman and placed them on the globe, with genius in their heads, and hope and faith in their souls. God's intentions, purposes and laws, as written on the human soul, forever interpret themselves thus; "My child, my good children, man, woman and child, each and all—hope, struggle, I am with you and will forever be, go on, go upward, go westward, go heavenward, on and on forever."

Good men and women do not, from the spirit of shiftless discontent, quit the sacred ashes of the dead loved ones, and wildly rush into a cold, damp, uncleared, gloomy, unsettled wild wilderness, where they know they *must struggle* with disease, poverty, nature, the wild wolf and wilder men, and the untamed and ungeared elements of nature, that sweep everywhere unconfined. They do not go for game, nor sport, nor daring adventure with wild beast, nor daring sport with wilder men. They go or come at God's command — "Children, my good children, one and all, man, woman and child, all, all—hope, struggle, to better your condition—onward, forestward, upward—and on and on forever, or miserably perish, and quit the globe to be repeopled by better beings." Men, tender and lovely women, do not quit their homes, where are comforts, luxuries, arts, science, general knowledge and ease, amid the civilized and civilizing influences at home, to go westward from a *spirit of shiftless discontent.*



THE FIRST L O G STORE
OF LINCOLN AND BERRY

What! are these brave men and women all through the west, and such as these the world over, inefficient men, inactive consumers, unenergetic inefficients, lazy and do-nothing people, bursting westward from the spirit of shiftless discontent, where they involuntarily clap their hands to their heads and spasmodically feel for their crowns, in order to preserve their scalps, as the quick flash and fire-steel gleam of the Indian's knife glints and glistens against the western sky! What! are Grant and Jackson, Douglas and Benton, Clay and *Lincoln, inefficient men, coming west from the spirit of shiftless discontent?* Is fire efficiently hot? Is lightning efficiently active? Is nature efficiently creative, massing and rolling up all these visible worlds to heat and light and life, and holding them suspended there by God's will—called by men gravity—for a human idea's sake? If these things are so, then these men and women whom I have described, *the pioneers,* with their brave hearts and their defiant and enduring souls, are and were efficient men and women—efficiently warm, for they consumed and burnt the forest and cleared and cleaned it. They had and have energy and creative activity, with capacity, honesty and valor. They created states and held them to the Union, to liberty and to justice. They and their children after them can and do point with the highest pride and confidence to the deep, broad-laid, tolerant, generous, magnanimous foundations of these mighty several western states, whereon our liberty and civilization so proudly and firmly stand, that they, the pioneers, in the spirit of pioneering embodied in them, made and created, and held up

to light and heat and life, suspended there rolling, by the electro-magnetic power of the intelligent popular will.

My defence has ended. The wild animals that preceded the Indians are gone, the Indian treading closely on their heels. The red man has gone. The pioneer, the type of him, is gone, gone with the Indian, the bear, and the beaver, the buffalo and deer. They all go with the same general wave, and are thrown high on the beach of the wilderness, by the deep, wide sea of our civilization. He that tramped on the heels of the red man, with his wife and children, pony and dog, are gone, leaving no trace behind. He is the master of the bee and beaver, the Indian and the bear, the wolf and buffalo. He and they are gone, never to return. God speed them on their way, their journey and destiny. As path makers, blazers, mappers, as fighters and destructives, they have had and have their uses and purposes in the divine plan. Such are succeeded by the Armstrongs, the Clarrys, the Rutledges, the Greens, Spears, and Lincolns, who too have their uses and purposes in the great Idea, and are succeeded by others, now among us, who are forces in the same universal plan. And let us not complain, for the great Planner knows and has decreed what is best and wisest in his grand and sublime economies. The animal is gone; the Indian is gone. The trapper, bee and beaver hunter is gone—all are gone. A few of the third class still remain among us, standing or leaning like grand, gray old towers, with lights on their brow, quietly inclining, leaning, almost dipping in the deep, the unknown, the unknowable and unfathomable

deeps of the future, that roll through all time and space, and lash up against the Throne. They did not come here from *the spirit of shiftless discontent,* nor shall they take up their souls greatest pioneering march on to God, through the cowardly *spirit of shiftless discontent.* They are fast going, one by one. Respect them while living, reverence them when dead, and tread lightly on their sacred dust, ye all. The children of such may be trusted to preserve and hand down to all future time what they created, wrought and planted in the forest.

The fourth class is ready to clasp hands with the third, taking an oath of fidelity to Liberty, sacred as heaven. We thus come and go, and in the coming and the going we have shaded—risen up, progressed—during these various and varied waves of immigration, with their respective civilizations, through force, cunning and the rifle, to the dollars, the steam engine, and the Idea. We have moved from wolf to mind. We have grown outward, upward, higher and better, living generally in more virtue, less vice, longer and more civilized, freer and purer, and thus man ever mounts upward. So are the records of all time.

Abraham Lincoln loved Miss Ann Rutledge with all his soul, mind and strength. She loved him as dearly, tenderly and affectionately. They seemed made in heaven for each other, though opposite in many things. As before remarked, she was accidentally, innocently and honestly engaged to A. Lincoln and [Mr. McNamar] at one and the same time. It is said and thought that the young lady was conditionally promised to Mr. Lincoln, to be consumated upon a release from her first engage-

ment with [McNamar]. The primary causes, facts and conditions which led to this complication shall be related to you at another time and place. There is no dishonor in it to any of the three. In her conflicts of honor, duty, love, promises, and womanly engagements—she was taken sick. She struggled, regretted, grieved, became nervous. She ate not, slept not, was taken sick of brain fever, became emaciated, and was fast sinking in the grave. Lincoln wished to see her. She silently prayed *to see him*. The friends of both parties at first refused the wish and prayer of both, still the wishes and prayers of both prevailed. Mr. Lincoln did go to see her about the 10th of August, A. D. 1835. The meeting was quite as much as either could bear, and more than Lincoln, with all his coolness and philosophy could endure. The voice, the face, the features of her, the love, sympathy and interview fastened themselves on his heart and soul forever.

Heaven only knows what was said by the two. God only knows what was thought. Dr. Jason Duncan, of New Salem, about September, A. D. 1833, had shown and placed in Mr. Lincoln's hands, the poem called in short, now, "Immortality," or properly, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" Remember, Miss Rutledge died on the 25th of August, A. D. 1835, and was buried in the Concord cemetery, six miles north, bearing a little west of New Salem, as stated before. Mr. Lincoln has stated that his heart, sad and broken, was buried there. He said in addition, to the same friend, "I cannot endure the thought that the sleet and storm, frost and snow of heaven should

beat on her grave." He *never* addressed another woman, in my opinion, "yours affectionately;" and generally and characteristically abstained from the use of the word *"love."* That word cannot be found more than a half dozen times, if that often, in all his letters and speeches, since that time. I have seen some of his letters to other ladies, but he never says "love." He never ended his letters with "yours affectionately," but signed his name, "your friend, A. Lincoln."

Abraham Lincoln was, by nature, more or less, in tendency, abstracted — had the power of continuous concentrated thought. It may be, as alleged, that he was a warm, ardent and more or less impulsive man, before 1835, and of which I give no opinion. He never did care for food—eating mechanically. He sorrowed and grieved, rambled over the hills and through the forests, day and night. He suffered and bore it for a while like a great man—a philosopher. He slept not, he ate not, joyed not. This he did until his body became emaciated and weak, and gave way. His mind wandered from its throne. In his imagination he muttered words to her he loved. His mind, his reason, somewhat dethroned, walked out of itself along the uncolumned air, and kissed and embraced the shadows and illusions of the heated brain. Love, future happiness, death, sorrow, grief, and pure and perfect despair, the want of sleep, the want of food, a cracked and aching heart, over and intense thought, soon worked a partial wreck of body and mind. It has been said that Mr. Lincoln became and was totally insane at that time and place. This is not exactly the truth. The de-

thronement of his reason was only partial, and could alone be detected by his closest friends, and sharpest observers, through the abruptness of his sentences, and the sharp contrasts of his ideas and language.

To give you a fair idea, an exact one of his then true mental state and condition imagine Mr. Lincoln situated as I have attempted to describe. Mr. Lincoln had a strong mind, a clear and distinct one. His style and mode of expression in 1835, were entirely different from what they were from 1853 to 1864. He had more, much more, emotion, fancy and imagination, in 1835, when he was 26 years of age, than he had in 1858 to 1864, when he was 47 to 55 years of age. He grew stronger as he grew older. Did this dread calamity, of which I have spoken, crush him and thus modify, if it did not change, his nature? It must be expected that his expressions would follow truly his own rational thoughts in part only, not wholly so in logic, at least. His utterances and expressions would be necessarily disconnected and sharply contrasted. It is said, and I believe it, that he lost his logical faculty—power over cause and effect, and their legitimate relation—through the momentary loss of memory alone. Imagine him racked in heart and body, in mind and soul, not forgetting the immediate and proximate cause of his condition. He must naturally and necessarily speak and utter what is in his own mind; sharply and incoherently, sadly and wildly. Hear him:

"What a time for joy to-day in town; the men and women looked so happy all through the village. Ah! me. No, not to-day; it's night. There's

a trick in it, and where's the fallacy? Does nature deal unjustly? I thought not. I'll see and tell myself. 'Tis a rude wind that blows no man joy. Where am I? What strange woods are these. It seems that I've run my compass and dragged my chains along this path. Why, wherefore is all this? These hills I've never seen before, and the wild valleys at my feet now have no more familiar face for me. What? 'tis strange. How is it? What's that? These hands I think I've seen before, and yet I know them not. The clouds are cold, and where's fire? There it is! No, 'tis not. How goes it out? Who cheats me? and for what? I am sad; and thou, sweet-bird of night, sing on thy tune of whip-porwill; it's sad and I'm lonely. What's that? ah! who's that? 'Tis her I love. This path and hill I know; yet, 'tis strange, strange, uncommon strange. I know it here and there, in spots. Why, therefore is this? Who am I, and what, mid nature's profoundest uncertainties, that come and go like chance, whither no one knows. There, the cocks crow. Did I not read—but, stay, did I not read law beneath the shade of this tree, grinding 'round with the sun? I love her. Oh! immensities above me, below me, and around me. The dogs, the very dogs bark at me. These limbs and legs, feet and hands, are mine; yet 'tis strange! 'tis strange! and oh! thou mysterious state of things. Is't fate, chance, Providence, God—that so unwinds the worlds and all their life? Grief! what's that? I'm tired and weary. The clothes I've got on and wear, I know are mine, and yet they seem not to be. Ah! dead and gone from me thou sweet one; and shall this aching, crushed heart of mine never die and

feel the pangs of nature never more. This old mill I've seen before, and often heard it grind. The waters in the pond are filled with shining, floating stars. Why don't they go out and sink in water ten feet deep, or more? It's curious, curious, strange, wondrous strange. Why, wherefore is that? Some trick deludes me. I'll search and tell myself. Ah! dead and gone, thou sweet one; dead and buried forever, forevermore, in the grave. Mortal man! so is it, and must be. Our hopes forever blast and wither in their tender growth. What is hope? What is death? What is forever, evermore, forevermore? Come gentle winds and cool my aching head; or, thou hanging thunderbolt, swiftly strike and scorch me. What's that in the mill pond, going splash, splash? 'Twas a fish, I guess. Let's go and feed it, and make it joy, and be happy. I love her, and shall marry her on to-morrow's eve. So soul be content, and endless joy shall come. Heart of mine be still, for remember sweet to-morrow eve. Oh! thou calmest, most boisterous, profoundest uncertainties of things, hold off, or take another path not coming here. What! did I dream? think, what did I say? It cannot be. No, it cannot be. She's dead and gone—gone forever. Fare thee well, sweet girl! We'll meet again."

I am not now discussing the complicated causes of insanity in a scientific method. I am not able to do so. I am giving you a probable example of what Lincoln was in September, A. D. 1835. I give you the broad facts. I shall not, now and here, enter into a scientific disquisition on lunacy—what are illusions, or delusions; nor other false appearances in the mind of the insane; nor whether

these illusions, delusions, or other false appearances in a fevered, wrecked brain are *caused* objectively from or through irregular and feverish sensations; nor subjectively by the same; nor whether they come from perceptions distorted; nor from memory or imagination, abnormally developed; nor from all combined. One thing ought to be certain; namely, that the mind cannot *create* normally, regularly, in a wrecked and shattered condition.*Creation, through mental energy, is the law of the mind;* and when it cannot create lawfully, regularly, through normal mental energy in activity, it cannot create accordingly to its law. This is the great law of the mind. *Creations* are distorted when the mind is diseased. Mental creations lift us heavenward, in proportion to the numbers of such creations. Who shall promulgate this great law and teach it?

The friends of Mr. Lincoln—men, women and children—begged him to quit his home and place of business. They coaxed and threatened him by turns in order to get him to quit the places and scenes of his sorrows and griefs. His women friends tried their arts on him. Men begged and held out strong inducements to go into the country. The boys and girls of the town and neighborhood aided and assisted the older people all they could. All tricks were detected by the man the whole people so dearly loved. Bolin Green and some of his and Lincoln's special friends, at last tried their powers. They succeeded in throwing Lincoln off his guard by robbing him of his suspicions.

Mr. Lincoln, in September, went down to Bolin

Green's, in consequence of the pressure thrown on around him, and in the space of a week or ten days, by Bolin's humor, generosity and hospitality, his care and kindness, aided by the womanly sympathy, gentleness and tenderness of his wife, Lincoln soon rose up, a man once more. He was visited daily by men, women, boys and girls, whose conversation, stories, jokes, witticisms, fun and sport, soon roused up the man, thus enabling him to momentarily throw off sorrow, sadness, grief, pain and anxiety. They walked over the hills with him, danced for him, read for him, laughed for him, and amused him in a thousand ways. He evidently enjoyed all as man scarcely ever enjoyed two weeks before, nor since. He got well and bade adieu, for a short season, to Bolin's kind roof and generous hospitality.

Mrs. Bolin Green still lives, God bless her! and survives her own husband, and their ward and guest. Mr. Lincoln went back to New Salem, as thought, a changed, a radically changed man. He went to New Salem about the last of September, A. D. 1835. He now once more picked up, took up, and read, and re-read the Poem called "Immortality," or, "Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" He saw new beauties in it. He seized it, and it seized him—a mutual seizure and arrest. He learned, learned it by heart, committed it to memory, and repeated it over and over to his friends.

Such is the true history of things—such are New Salem and surrounding country—such are her hills, and bluffs, and valleys. Such are her geology and her general past—such is her floral

world—such are her fruits, trees and plants, birds, fish and game—and such were and are her people. Such is New Salem—such was she in the past —such is she now. So is she in the spring time, in the summer time, fall and winter time. So she is in daylight and darkness, beneath sun, moon and stars. So is her rise — her growth — her fall and ruin, death and decay. Such is man. It was here Abraham Lincoln first came to himself, after so great grief. It was here, amid these hills and peaks, bluffs and valleys, creeks and paths, branches and rivulets, he moved among men and women, walked and roamed sadly, gloomily, frantically, despairingly, almost insanely. He thought and reflected on man and woman, the transient and permanent—love, duty, nature, destiny, the past, present, and the future—of God. It was here he walked in daylight—at night time—under the forest tree and beneath the moon's pale, sad glance, contemplating all human life, its laws and springs, its mysterious ways and ends, his own insignificance, the utter insignificance of all men and things, the follies, foibles, ambitions and corruptions, as compared with nature, laws and principles, all embodied in the permanent, and it in the never beginning and never ending Absolute, unconditioned and illimitable. It was about the 20th of October, 1835, that Abraham Lincoln, as he wandered and wended his sad and melancholy way over hill and dale, gloomily burst forth—

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband, that mother and infant who blest—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would
think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would
shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling—
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will
come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is
dumb.

They died, aye they died, we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage
road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a
breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of
death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the
shroud—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

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LINCOLN AND ANN RUTLEDGE
AND PIONEERS OF NEW SALEM

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